

A shooting star in the sky  
Stopped to ask your name  
But you didn't give an answer  
Always afraid of fame

You're a clip in the paper  
You're a picture in her living room and  
Your scent is vaguely familiar  
To her who cradled you in her womb

The magnet Mississippi stole your breath  
As you sunk into it's lonely depths  
This final image of you freezes  
Where you're surrounded by jewels and missing pieces

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Sometimes the daydreams are worse then the nightmares  
For in the night at least you reappear  
You may be voiceless, disfigured, disadvantaged, but you're her  
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